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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

There are various ways of doing it.

Just at present, the eminently correct thing is to let the inspector go through your baggage just as he would in the regular course of his duty. That is, he opens one trunk, thrusts his hand down in one corner, slams the lid down, chalks one end, and goes on to the next. You unbuckle one strap of that trunk, he makes a grab at the corner, as though he meant to pull the top up, chalks the end and proceeds. At the next trunk, he simply passes his hand over the canvas cover, and chalks the end. All the other trunks he raps lightly with his knuckles, before chalking the ends. He has not found any ten-dollar bills lying coyly in the upper trays; his proud spirit has not been subjected to any of the old-fashioned degradations of commonplace bribery. He has had nothing but the look in the corner of your eye to assure him that "it" is "all right."

But when he has finished his hated task, he comes to you with a proud smile on his incorruptible countenance, and you politely hand him your card and say: "I shall be happy to see you any time you have leisure to call." And then he hands you his card, and it is all very nice, and it looks just like a purely social performance—as though you had been so pleased at meeting each other that you felt you really must exchange cards, and continue the acquaintance. And when he does call, you don't see him; but there is an envelope waiting for him at the door, an envelope with his name on the outside, and ten dollars or twenty dollars, or whatever it may be, on the inside. And that's the way, O high-minded friend, that your baggage got through the New York Custom-House.

Everybody does it. Yes, everybody does it. But suppose "everybody" murdered his grandmother; would that establish a good precedent? And if taking bribes is sinful, is giving bribes exactly a creditable proceeding? But it wasn't bribery? You had nothing dutiable in your trunks, and you only paid the inspector for his kindness in not mussing up your neat packing? Yes, precisely so. But the inspector wasn't put there to be paid for his kindness in not mussing your packing. And while you are a white-souled and clean-handed child of nature, who wouldn't for the world smuggle so much as a bunch of cigars, there are other in-

iquitous people in the world who might possibly take advantage of the trouble-saving system you have invented to evade the payment of Custom-House duties. We have never heard of such cases; but they might possibly exist.

And how is it with thy soul, my son? The Custom-House inspector takes money to neglect his duty, and of course his miserable little inspectorial spirit must bear the burden of his sin. But who bought his sin? Who paid money for his iniquity? How is it with thy soul, my son?

Go to! Settle it with your own conscience. It is a doubtful and debatable sin after all, a sin rather against the letter than the spirit of the law. The worst part of it is the buying of the man at so low a price—the trafficking in human souls at five dollars a soul. But the system that is behind it all, the miserable old system that ought to have gone out of the world with the days of city walls and gates and feudal robberies of commerce and agriculture—the bad old system that was as bad at the Piræus two thousand years ago as it is on the Cunard Dock or the White Star Dock or the Barge Office, to-day—the system that makes spies and bribe-takers of government officials, and smugglers and bribe-givers of respectable citizens—the system of an onerous and extravagant taxation of imports—is n't it time that that should be reformed into something more suitable to the spirit of the age?

So, after all, it is an issue, this wild, insane, hyper-theoretical fanatic notion of civil-service reform? It is dawning on the consciousness of the intelligent Mr. Hill that the fact that he is on one side of the civil-service reform question, while Mr. Cleveland is on the other, is quite enough to dampen any enthusiastic interest which the President might otherwise have felt in his nomination. The President is, he informs us, a Democrat, and he earnestly desires the success of his party in New York and

elsewhere. We may as well admit frankly that we rather suspected that this was the state of the case. But we don't observe that this official utterance was accompanied by the present of a gilt-edged card bearing an inscription like this:

D. B. HILL, Esq.—Dear Sir: You are the most eminently proper and suitable candidate that the Democrats of New York could have chosen. You are a proud exemplar of reform principles and a shining light of political purity. If you are elected Governor of the State of New York, it will be a grand victory for the cause of civil-service reform, and I shall feel that I shall have your hearty coöperation in carrying out the best aims and purposes of my political life. Yours truly, G. CLEVELAND.

And Mr. Davenport thinks it is an issue, too. He says that the people will approve of the principle when they clearly understand it. Making allowance for such exceptions as the New York Sun and the New York Tribune, we think this is true. And we are greatly pleased to know that such is Mr. Davenport's opinion. Had he happened to hold, or to express the opposite views, the same thing might have happened to him that happened to Mr. James G. Blaine in this state, last Fall. What happened to Mr. James G. Blaine? Mugwumps. That's what happened to Mr. Blaine. Mugwumps happened to him.

WE are not an authority on marine matters, and cannot, therefore, give you the desired information. We think, however, that the fastest voyage across the Atlantic was made by the *Aurania*, some time during the past summer. The time was, if we remember rightly, something over six days. The person who told you that the quickest trip across the Atlantic was made by a railroad train was in error. But we are willing to admit frankly that no train-ship or flash of chain-lightning could leave New York and get half way to Staten Island in half the time that it would take PICKINGS FROM PUCK to leave 23 Warren Street and arrive at the Public Heart. Of all newsdealers. Price, twenty-five cents.

WE SHOULD SMILE.



The Above Sketch shows the Momentous Discussion now going on in the Republican Wigwag, and the Deep and Painful Anxiety of the Mugwumps over the Result.

LIFE.



O little maid with the big balloon,
You're sweeter than a rose in June,
While by the sea, on an autumn day,
With your balloon you gently play.
A little way you let it fly,

Then draw it back with many a wile,
Swift glancing from your big brown eye
A roguish look and winsome smile;
And when of your balloon you're tired,
When it no more can be admired,
Why, then you let it fly away,
Across the sea and down the day,
Until, beyond the twilight shades,
At last to nothingness it fades.

Alas, sweet maid! When years have fled,
And on to womanhood you've sped,
With no balloon you'll trifle then—
You'll find maturer toys in men.

With them, too, you will gently play;
A little way you'll let them fly,
Then draw them back with many a wile,
Swift glancing from your big brown eye
A roguish look and winsome smile.
And when of them at last you're weary,
When their chat has grown quite dreary,
You'll let them go; but they'll not fade
Into the twilight's purple shade;
For when you laugh in scorn and twit 'em,
Down they'll come with a dreadful drop,
And a bump,
And a thump,
And a skip, jump, hop,
And they'll never know what hit 'em.

LYSANDER'S LOVE OF WISDOM.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding."

No, you don't, Lysander. You can't palm that off for one of your wise saws. It won't go down with a Biblical scholar.

But you can approve of its sentiments, Lysander. I thought you would like it. People generally strive hardest after the unattainable, and you are but human, Lysander. This will surprise you. But it is true.

You are not the only long-eared man, Lysander, and until Nature adds two more legs and a paint-brush tail to your complement, I fear you will continue to be human. This is one of the things I dislike about Nature.

But to return to our proverb.

If a man could only find wisdom as he does an umbrella, it might be more literally true.

But he can't.

That isn't the way wisdom is acquired, my predatory friend, otherwise you would be the wisest man since King Solomon sat upon his throne and answered conundrums for the world.

The trouble about wisdom is, that it has to be learned, if you know what that means. It has to be obtained from experience. But is this happiness, Lysander?

Let us see.

Let us observe the young man who starts out after dinner to acquire some wisdom appertaining to the folly of drinking. Notice how

happy he is. Observe how the merry jests roll from his laughing lips.

Is he happy, Lysander?

He thinks he is.

Look at him as he leans against that lamp-post. He is overcome with pleasure. He is unable to stand so much prosperity at one time. He is finding wisdom. He will get his understanding to-morrow. Notice the expression of joyous felicity on his intellectual face. Look at him to-morrow. Note the happiness which marks his countenance for its own. Just observe the size of his head.

Is he happy, Lysander? He doesn't think so now. Yet he has found wisdom, Lysander.

And the young man who has theories about poker. Look at him, Lysander. He wonders how much four kings are worth. Just watch his joyful bliss.

He finds out. They were not worth so much as he imagined in his ignorance. He will walk down-town for the next week. This will give him an opportunity to appreciate his felicity, for he has found wisdom. He found it pat.

But is he happy, Lysander?

Just ask him and you will find out.

Then, Lysander, observe the gladdened but unfortunate Wall Street speculator. He wanted to find some financial wisdom.

Notice his beatified but elongated visage. He was a bull and the bears hugged him. How happy he is! How blissfully joyful! He has found wisdom, and his understanding looms up like four aces and a king.

He hasn't as much money as he had; but what is filthy lucre, Lysander, compared with wisdom?

Nothing, my boy, nothing.

Now that he is wise and has a full understanding, he can go to work and earn some money, and maybe, if he is industrious, fortunate, and saves all his salary, he may be able to rent an inside flat up in Harlem, and perhaps he can afford to have meat three times a week.

But just think, Lysander, how happy he is!

Then, Lysander, while you are observing, suppose you cast your eyes toward the miserable, unhappy, disappointed, misanthropic wreck of a being who never found wisdom, and whose bump of understanding is shaped like the inside of a goose-egg.

This hapless wretch never drank, never gambled, never speculated. He wouldn't know understanding if he were to see it. He doesn't even know how to spell wisdom. He is rich, he is industrious and healthy; but his understanding is not worth ten cents on the dollar, and he couldn't pawn his wisdom to a blind pawnbroker in the dark.

Imagine how this senseless and afflicted person must envy the happy, joyous individuals who are wise and have gotten enough understanding to carry them through five dull seasons.

Just imagine it if you can, Lysander. I can't.

But before this matter is dropped, let me call the attention of your gifted intellect to the real happiness of the man that findeth wisdom and getteth understanding.

He may be poor, sickly, old and lame. He has found wisdom, and, Lysander, when you in your unhappy ignorance put your foot into it, he can always say:

"I told you so."

For he is wise.

And this is happiness.

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

JULIUS WHITE, a Kentuckian, has been pronounced insane because he has been in the habit of reading the revised Bible to his mules for two hours each day. There is justice in this verdict. The revised Bible, we believe, contains only one or two words a man can understand.

Puckerings.



THE FRENCH MAID.

Coy and demure and shy, her glance is down,
Long ebon lashes veil her eye of brown.

Low is her voice and sweet, no wood-dove's coo
More musically could the silence woo.

Her step is soft, and neatly shod her feet—
Foreign her words, and few—but ah, how sweet!

Pleasant her ways to those who long have known
The rude Hibernian make the house her own.

A gentle vision, through the room she slips,
A modest smile upon her dainty lips.

Since she has come to us no baby's cry
Has marked the hours of evening as they fly.

My little one sleeps calm as angels sleep
Until the morning sunbeams 'gin to peep.

And yet I sometimes dream the youth is dumb
Because she chocks him up with laudanum.

THE PRICE of vinegar is said to be rapidly declining. Probably on account of the sharp competition in the business.

A RURAL SUBSCRIBER asks: "What are potatoes worth per bushel for chicken-food?" About the same that they are worth for table purposes, we believe.

UNDER THE New Hampshire law, a challenged voter has to make three oaths. In this state he usually makes more than that; but they are not compulsory, we believe.

A MONTANA MAN, who recently began digging a cellar for a saloon, struck a vein of water which has completely flooded his lot. Even Nature rises to rebuke a Montana saloon.

THE DENVER *Tribune* laments the decline of the practice of lovers going to church together on a Sunday afternoon. This is where the *Tribune* evinces little experience. When a young man takes his sweetheart out for an afternoon's pleasure, he doesn't want her to fall asleep.

MARY ANDERSON stabbed herself while recently playing *Juliet*, and the papers say the advertisement was great. Yes, but just think what a chance she missed. If she had only killed herself, the advertisement would have been tremendous. But some people always miss greatness by a hair's-breadth or so.

A SOUTHERN EXCHANGE says: "The Ben Hill statue will be ready for unveiling in Atlanta some time in November. It has not yet been decided where the statue shall be placed. The artesian well has probably taken the most eligible spot." If the statue is anything like some of those in Central Park, it wouldn't be a bad idea to put it into the artesian well. Let it stand on the bottom of the well. That would be the best place for it.

CONTINGENT FEES.

It is said that poor Mr. Peach, whose addresses to the wealthy Mrs. Nelson have brought him to Blackwell's Island, drove to the residence of that lady in a cab on the day of his dismissal, although the night before he slept on one of the benches of Madison Square Park, owing to the lack of sufficient means to hire a room in a less public lodging-place. Upon examination he is reported to have said that his cab-ride was the result of a bargain with the driver, by which the latter agreed to accept a fee contingent upon the success of the former's suit. As it was a conspicuous failure, the driver lost his fare. But supposing that it had terminated differently, how much money would the driver have been entitled to?

This is a question containing many nice points which should not be passed by lightly. The speculative suitor is poor to the verge of vagrancy, while the object of his affection is rich to the border of opulence. If he had been accepted, his share of her wealth would not have been less than one hundred thousand dollars. This may seem like an extravagant sum, but we must remember wealthy widows who contract second marriages are proverbially lavish with their first husbands' money. If Mr. Peach had sought her residence on foot, his ragged attire would probably have proved an insuperable obstacle to his success. He never would have been admitted to the house. He could have related his mission in vain. No well-trained servant would have allowed a man dressed like a tramp to enter the parlor of her mistress, no matter how important his errand might be. It is true he could have gone to the basement door, and sent his message upstairs by the house-maid. But it is doubtful whether a suit pressed by proxy could, under the circumstances, have ever been successful.

It is due to Mr. Peach's sagacity to credit him with realizing these obstacles at once. The only way left for him to do was to hire a cab; hence his bargain afore mentioned. He reasoned that if he drove to her residence in a cab, if the driver descended from his box and obsequiously opened the cab door, and if he ascended the stone steps which lead to the parlor floor with the air of conscious but invisible wealth, the chances were that he would be graciously admitted, his attire being regarded merely in the light of an eccentricity. The cab-driver evidently carried out his part of the agreement to the letter, as we have heard no complaint from Mr. Peach as to any breach in the contract, and if the plan had been successful he would unquestionably have merited his contingent fee. The only question then involved would be concerning the size of the fee.

It is a well-established principle of legal practice that a contingent fee is always larger than the regular paid-in-advance charges. There is always an element of uncertainty in the collection of contingent fees. If fortune had smiled on Mr. Peach, would the cabman have been satisfied with his regular fee of twenty-five cents a mile and one dollar an hour? Manifestly not. If the case had been a legal one, the attorney would probably have claimed ninety-nine thousand dollars, and the suitor would have been obliged to bring action against him to obtain the remaining one thousand dollars. That is the history of legal contingent fees, and does any sane man imagine that a cabman would be less grasping than a lawyer? That is not his accepted reputation.

If the case had succeeded, this important question would undoubtedly have been brought up, and its decision would establish a precedent that could not fail to effect a virtual revolution in our social system. In ordinary cases of matrimony few agencies are more conducive to success than the tailor, and in a large pro-

portion of cases few bills are paid until after marriage. These unpaid bills are tacitly contingent fees. Unless the young man is successful in his suit they are seldom collectable. So this would open to the tailor a new avenue of wealth, and we would soon have an oligarchy of tailors.

Instead of being humble petitioners for patronage, the tailors would all develop into millionaires, and the proprietors of roller-rinks would hide their abashed heads in shame at the sight of such superior affluence. Florists who furnish diurnal bouquets of hot-house flowers to impecunious suitors would blossom out into Croesuses and purchase cottages at Newport and mansions on Fifth Avenue. Restaurateurs who allow indigent wooers to dine their prospective brides in their parlors would in a short time retire from business, and buy country residences on the Sound, and send their children to Europe to be educated. Shoe-makers, livery-stable keepers, dealers in gents' furnishing-goods and other merchants the sale of whose wares assist poor gallants to win rich brides, would soon possess all the visible wealth in the country. Such a decision, we fear, would in time render matrimony between poor young men and rich young women an impossibility. Heiresses would become a drug in the connubial market, and eventually the rich could only marry the rich. Thus finally the wealthy would become more opulent and the poor more destitute, and the most gloomy predictions of the most advanced Socialist would be more than verified.

B. N.

A CINCINNATI HUSBAND who threatened to cut his wife's heart out and carry it around on a shingle got off with a fine of five dollars. If he had carried his threat into execution, he would probably have been elected an Alderman. The West is the place where genius is appreciated.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A BIBLE in the pocket of Hamal Hafreites, a student at Los Angeles, Cal., stopped a stray bullet and saved the young man's life. The same day Samson Strong, of Kalamazoo, who carried a pack of cards in his inside coat-pocket, was shot through the heart and died. This doesn't indicate that cards are wicked so much as it did that he carried them on the right side instead of the left.

ARIZONA COMPLAINS of the great scarcity of women in that territory, and yet the latest reports state that the town of Ord has a cornet-band composed of females. It seems rather absurd, where there are so few women, to waste any of them in this ridiculous fashion.

BY A RECENT law, no Chicago papers are allowed to the prisoners of the Detroit House of Correction. This is all right. The institution is intended to be reformatory, we believe.

A SIOUX INDIAN named I-Never-Drink recently moved to St. Paul. Inside of a week afterward he changed his name to John Smith, since when he has enjoyed life much better.

"A FIVE-FOOT eagle was shot at Milford recently." What a shame to shoot it! Eagles with five feet ought to be worth considerable to any enterprising museum proprietor.

A CHATHAM STREET pawnbroker recently retired from business because he had lost all interest in it. The same thing may be said of the young men who traded with him.

THE *Herald of Health* says: "It is immoral not to sleep enough." We have often wondered at the high morals of cooks, as a class. Now we understand it.

THE MAINE IDEA



TRICYCLING TOURIST.—"What's up here, anyway?"

HONEST NATIVE.—"Ain't naathin' up."

TRICYCLING TOURIST.—"But the stores are closed, and you fellows look as if you were got up for a holiday. Any fun going on?"

HONEST NATIVE.—"Wal, d'no 's ye c'd call it jest fun. Sheriff 's comin' daown f'm Squedunk—thet's aour caounty taown—after a man thet's b'en sellin' liquor."

TRICYCLING TOURIST.—"Well?"

HONEST NATIVE.—"Wal—we d'no jest who 'tis he wants, so we've all a sorter got ready for him. Thet's all."

THE AGE OF "LABOR UNIONS."



"Here is a poem on 'Autumn'; reject it, and the vengeance of The Poets' Protective Association will be upon your head."



"Yes, Henry, I have come to make you a nice long visit, and I warn you that the Order of Independent Mothers-in-Law will resent any disrespect shown to one of its members."



"I am sorry, Mr. Shaker, but if you wish mere blankets on your bed, you must lay your request before the Executive Committee of the Boarding-House Keepers' Union."



"Take this cold meat back, an' tell the Missus that the Benevolent an' Protective Order of Wanderers won't allow us to accept nothin' but hot coffee an' porter-house steak."



"All right, pop, lick me if you want to; but the Independent Union of Dime-Novel Readers will fix you, an' don't you forget it."



"I want the best private box in the house, for the President and Secretary of the Deadheads' League."



"It is my duty to inform you, George, that the Amalgamated Society of Sunday Girls has passed a resolution requiring young men to propose at the end of two months, or skip."



"Don't prevent me from gettin' news, young feller, or the Consolidated Society of Keyhole Reporters will paralyze you."



"Yez'll have to do yer own cookin' ter-morrer, mum; the Benevolent Society of Basement Ladies has a convention, an' I'm the trisurer of the organization."



The leaflets tremble, red and gold,
No more the songster sings;
The honeysuckle in the cold
About the lattice swings.

AT SUMMER'S END.

O Angelina, let us hie
Adown the garden walk
That knows no glowing fire-fly
Or swift mosquito-hawk.

And we will talk about the time
We met in sunny June,
When nature seemed to buzz in rhyme
And birds were all in tune;
When roses clambered up the porch
And you I vowed a saint,
While in the glow of heaven's torch
I sat upon the paint.

I used to rave about your eyes,
And of your auburn locks,
While you looked up in mute surprise,
With cheeks like hollyhocks.

I spoke about a little cot
I liked and could afford;
A little way from me you got,
And said: "I want to board."

Those days have with the roses fled,
The summer's gone, my sweet;
We wear our ulsters on the bed,
And dine on sausage-meat.

Good-by, good-by; it gives me pain
And makes my senses whirl;
Adieu till summer comes again,
My beauteous summer girl.

THE UNINTELLECTUAL LIFE.

After Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

LETTER I.

To a Philistine who Liked Steel-Engravings.

I recollect that in our last conversation the talk turned, by one of those easy changes that are natural to conversation, to pictures. You remarked, in your customary unhappy manner, displaying that fondness for chestnuts which I have noticed finds even greater development in other members of your family, that picture-cards were good enough for you, providing that you held four of the same rank.

The remark struck me at the time as being indicative of the general drift of your contemplations. Almost anything is good enough for you. You despise "isms" of all kind. You do not like æstheticism, optimism, pessimism, agnosticism, eclecticism, Platonism, extremism, or baptism. You preserve a golden mean in all your tastes, and take a curious sort of delight in what you would despise if you knew it was radical conservatism.

For instance, you are very fond of steel-engravings. I took you to the Academy of Design at the last annual exhibition, and showed you some of the best water-colors of the present day. You said they might be pretty—I think that was the word you used—but you did not care for them. So I took you to see some etchings. They were masterly works, too. Pennel, Seymour Haden, Hamerton and others of the best men were represented. You either affected, or were possessed with, indifference. You said: "Those etchings are pretty fine, but steel-engravings are good enough for me." And then I found that you did not care even for a fine wood-drawing, such as Lockhardt, or Cole, or Kingsley can produce. What you wanted was a good old-fashioned line-engraving, as hard as the heart of a Roman sentinel and as cold as the dungeons of the Bastille.

I took you to a print-store in Broadway and showed you one, and you said: "That knocks your etchings sky-high. That's art, that is."

Then I turned it over and showed you that it was an advertising-card. But that did not trouble you at all. You held your position by sheer fighting, suffering dreadful loss, and I had to look upon your bull-headed obstinacy with a certain amount of admiration.

That is, I did until I found that you really did not know any better. Then I undertook to show you that a fine etching was a more

artistic piece of work than a fine line-engraving. But you said you did not want to hear anything about it—steel-engravings were good enough for you.

I think you are honest, whatever your other failings may be. Steel-engravings were and always will be quite good enough for you. A good water-color, especially if it had a leaning toward the impressionist school, would be altogether too good for you.

I have noticed, however, that you do not apply this "good-enough-for-you" principle to the surroundings of your physical organization. A comfortable *table d'hôte* dinner with a bottle of wine is not good enough for you. You want your stomach's capacity tested by a feast of a dozen courses with wine at Delmonico's. But it never satisfies you, for you grumble at the waiter, at the bill-of-fare, at the restaurant generally, at the cooking, and at the wine.

Nothing is good enough for you when it comes to a matter of eating. Anything will do when it comes to the question of art.

The newest and most ingenious styles of cooking do not keep pace with the demands of your stomach.

The deadest and coldest of the arts is active enough to run ahead of the requirements of your taste.

You are a very happy man, for as long as your physical appetite is satisfied, your sense of beauty never troubles you. You are almost as happy as a pig in a corn-field. You may, in the course of time, even hope to attain that state of inexpressible bliss.

I am sometimes troubled by discerning what seems to me to be too much conventionality in art. You are occasionally annoyed by what you know to be too much pepper in your *pâte de foie gras*. You can order another *pâte*, but I cannot order a new school of art. I have to take what is put before me. That is where your stomach has the advantage of my head.

Yet I would not change places with you.

Nor would you change places with me.

Therefore this thing, which was "sometime a paradox," comes to pass: that I, who am dissatisfied, would not change places with you, who are well pleased with the world as it is.

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is a colonel in forty-one different regiments. The Prince ought to visit Kentucky once, if he wants to know what fun really is.

GORE AND MOLASSES.

A CHAMPION BICYCLIST, traveling through Persia, says that robbers have attacked him only once, upon which occasion he managed to "turn the tables on them." It is not known how he did it, unless he induced them to try and ride on his bicycle; but that would have been too cruel even for a champion bicyclist.

"VICTOR HUGO's most famous works were written after he was sixty years old." This illustrates one essential difference between Hugo and a noted English poet. If Lord Tennyson had waited until after he was sixty years old to write his best works, there wouldn't have been any, we fear.

"ICE is worth ten cents a pound at Key West, Fla." If this is to be believed, Key West is the place to build an ice-house. Those dealers who have their houses on the banks of lakes in Maine ought to find this suggestion valuable.

THE LORD MAYOR of London has sent seven thousand five hundred dollars to the cholera sufferers in Spain. The Lord Mayor was very kind, but that seems like a great deal of money to give to dead men.

PATTI, we are glad to hear, has become reasonable in the matter of her charges. She formerly demanded five thousand dollars a night; now she asks only two thousand five hundred dollars.

IT is stated that Sunday night in New York is becoming very much like Sunday night in Paris. If this is true, there is one place in Europe, then, where we shall not go on Sunday night.

A PENNSYLVANIA BLACKSMITH has a beard six feet in length. He attributes its wonderful growth to the fact that he never used any hair-invigorator on his face.

A CINCINNATI NEWSPAPER observes that one of its staff "has severed his connection" with the paper. The cause of his discharge is not stated.

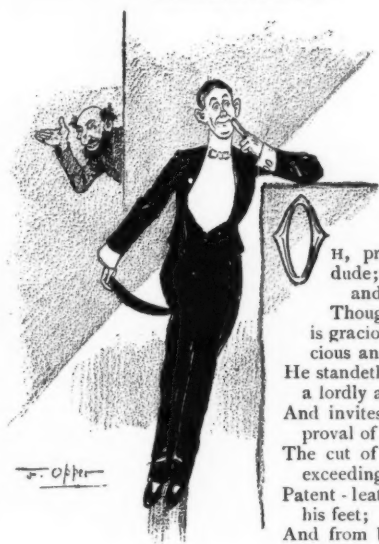
"WHAT IS life?" asks Professor Mott. That depends, Professor. Upon what? Upon everything.

"Imitation is the Sincerest Flattery."



"Me let my hair glow long and dlink whiskey, and den dless like a woman, and de folks tink I'm Ilish, and dey'll let me stay in 'Melica!'"

GLAMOUR.



H, proud is the dude; both proud and grand,
Though his smile is gracious, capacious and bland;
He standeth apart with a lordly air,
And invites the approval of all the fair.
The cut of his coat is exceeding neat;
Patent-leathers adorn his feet;
And from boots to tie his evening dress
Is a model of absolute stylishness.

And the lesser dudes they gaze on him,
And tears of envy their optics dim;
And they wonder much if in all the town
There is one to dispute his social crown,
Or if anything of which man can dream
Could disturb that dude in his calm supreme.

* * *
Alack! they know not, and shall not know
That ere to his garret that dude may go
He will make an unavoidable stop
At Solomon Isaacs his clothing shop,
And peel that suit, and receive in return
The deposit of ten fair dollars down
That it took him a solid week to earn
In Gingham & Ribbin's shop up-town.

C. ASH.

ON THE RAMPAGE.

The other day a tall man in a straw hat and duster rushed wildly into a store in Murray Street and made a bee-line for the office, where he stood on tip-toe, craned his head through the cashier's window, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Next!"

Before any one could ascertain his meaning, he shot through the doorway and ran out into the street, where he saw a truck passing. Jumping quickly upon the hind-end of it, he rushed up to the driver, and shouted:

"Fine day!"

The truckman seemed dazed as he collected himself several seconds later. He looked around just in time to see the duster-tails of the wild man flapping in the breeze as he turned into Broadway. Running up to a fruit-stand, he screamed at the keeper, before the latter could say "Chestnutta?":

"Bad fire up-town last night!"

The Italian toyed with his ear-rings to stir his memory; but it would have done him no good if he had, for his informant was just at Warren Street, where he saw a postman emptying the contents of the lamp-post box into a leather bag.

"Do you think Hill will be elected?" he shouted.

"Naw," replied the busy postman, derisively: "I—"

But the postman found himself addressing the wind, as the tall man was almost out of sight. He jumped through the spring-door of a well-known sample-room, and ran quickly up to the sandwich-clerk.

"Do you mind the door being open?" he cried, in loud, wild tones.

"The door is not open," replied the sandwich-clerk to the tall man with the straw hat,

who by this time was in the office of PICKINGS FROM PUCK.*) He happened to see the cashier, who was looking up in the air chewing the end of a lead-pencil, and said to him:

"You are badly in need of a shampoo. Your head is very—"

He was broken off by the cashier, who grabbed the coupon-cutter to throw, and bounded for the door. The speed he attained before going through caused the half-million people laughing over the cartoons on the bulletin-board to imagine the tall man had stolen something, and was trying to escape. They therefore fell upon him, and held him until a policeman came along. The latter collared him; but on the way to the station-house the tall man with the linen duster shouted, wildly:

"Fine weather! Do you mind the door being open? Sit a little higher! Sad accident this morning! Your head is full of dandruff! Hair getting thin on top! Next! Do you wish an egg shampoo? Cut your hair to-day, sir? Does the razor hurt you?" etc.

He was a barber with D. T.

A CAUTIOUS CAPITALIST.

"Do you put your savings in the bank every week?" asked a gentleman of one of Jacob Sharp's drivers.

"You mustn't stand on the step," replied the driver.

The gentleman moved up.

"As I was saying," he went on: "do you put your—"

"Take your foot off the dash-board," responded the driver: "it's ag'in the rules."

The gentleman took his foot off the dash-board.

"As I was about to remark," he again continued: "do you deposit your—"

"Nor smoke. No smoking allowed on the front platform."

The gentleman stopped smoking.

"I would like to ask if you deposit your savings in the bank every Saturday?"

The driver whipped up his horses in response to a frantic pantomime on the part of a feeble old woman who stood at the corner with a market-basket on either arm, and then said:

"Naw, sir, no banks fer me; they bust up too often. I pack the money I save every week away in barrels and dry-goods boxes."

Answers for the Anxious.

"SILEX."—You are very weary, and very English, Silex. Merits you may have; you may be an estimable citizen and a good man in a bowling-alley; but as a humorist you are a pale straw-colored failure.

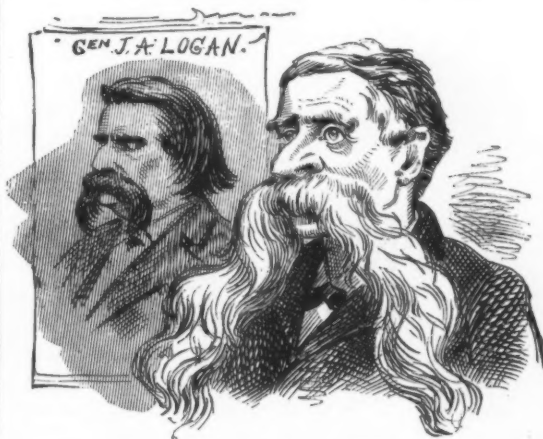
S. P. R., Amsterdam, N. Y.—The trouble with you is that you construct your jokes with a derrick. And looking at the matter impartially, in the calm, clear light of criticism, our only wonder is that the derrick doesn't break.

U. BETSIR.—O's, bless you, you belong away back in the *Jolly Joker* and *Nicknax* period. Your style of humor is covered an inch deep with mould. Crawl back into your sepulchre and spread silence over yourself like "nto a down comforter.

CAROLINA.—We don't see that there was any occasion for you to stop your poem at the thirty-seventh stanza. You might just as well have gone on two or three yards further. It would have occupied your time, and it wouldn't have troubled any one else. There's no fear of that poem being read, Carolina.

*) A New Edition of "Second Crop" will be ready within a few days.

THE CAMPAIGN MOUSTACHES.



Gen. Jones's Casts the Old Favorite Completely into the Shade.

FREE LUNCH.

THERE is a growing impression that Lot's wife turned back to get her gloves.

THE BRAHMIN believes in two hundred million little gods. That is what Mr. Vanderbilt believes in.

THE KING OF ITALY spends most of his time hunting mushrooms, and then he doesn't dare eat them, for fear that they are toadstools.

THE ENGLISH stockholders in the Atlantic Cable Company should have given Mary Anderson a dinner before she left for our shores.

IT is thought that Patti will make one more farewell trip this season, and next year she will come over and bid good-by to America forever.

LIGHTNING STRUCK twice in the same place in Corry, Pa., recently. Those who have ever been in Corry will sympathize with the lightning.

JAY GOULD says that the demands on his charity from strangers foot up an average of a million dollars per week. He must be kept very busy writing checks.

A PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL sent a lot of dolls to the little heathen girls, and it wasn't a week after they arrived before the old heathens had them nailed on the walls, and were worshiping them as idols.

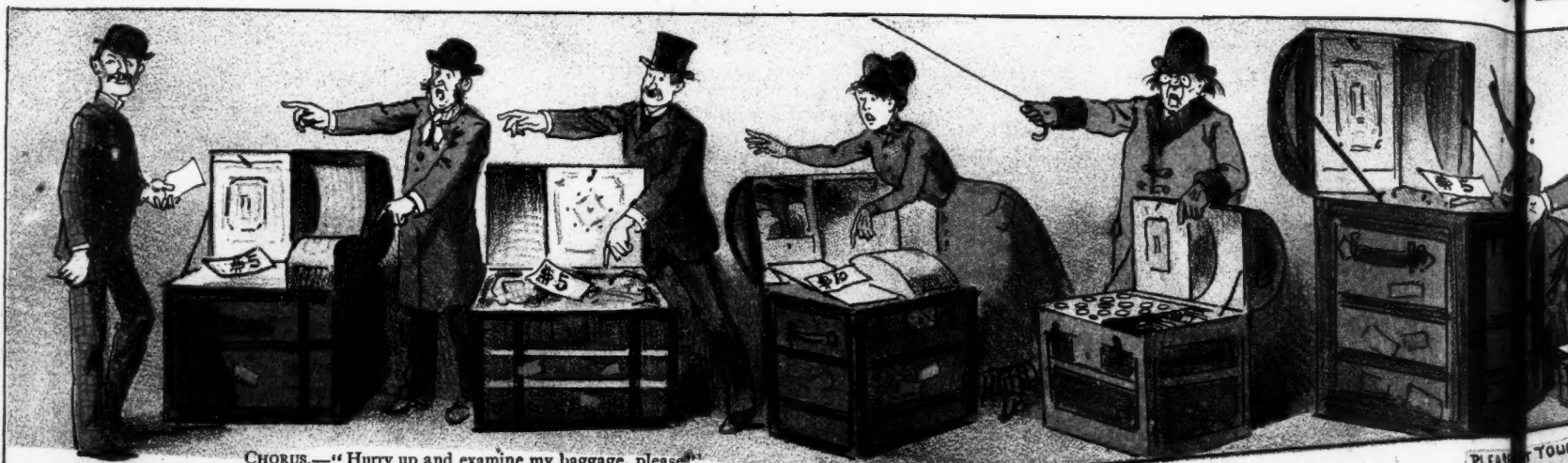
QUEEN VICTORIA keeps in her palaces the standing order, "Positively No Smoking Here." Probably ere long she will add, "Gentlemen Will Use the Spittoons," and Americans will hurry through London without making her a call.

OSCAR WILDE has written a poem about his new baby, commehcing thus:

O baby boy! thine eyes are like mine own,
As blue as heaven, as tender as the dove.

The time will come when that poor baby will regret its selection of a father.

M. J. SAVAGE recently gave us, in the pages of the *North American Review*, an article entitled, "A Profane View of the Sanctum." Not having read the article, we fancy the profane view is that which fills the sensitive soul of the poet like a luminous vision when he scratches his head in astonishment on the sidewalk and tries to figure out the mystery of his flight from the den of the editor who lives at the top of seven winding flights of stairs.



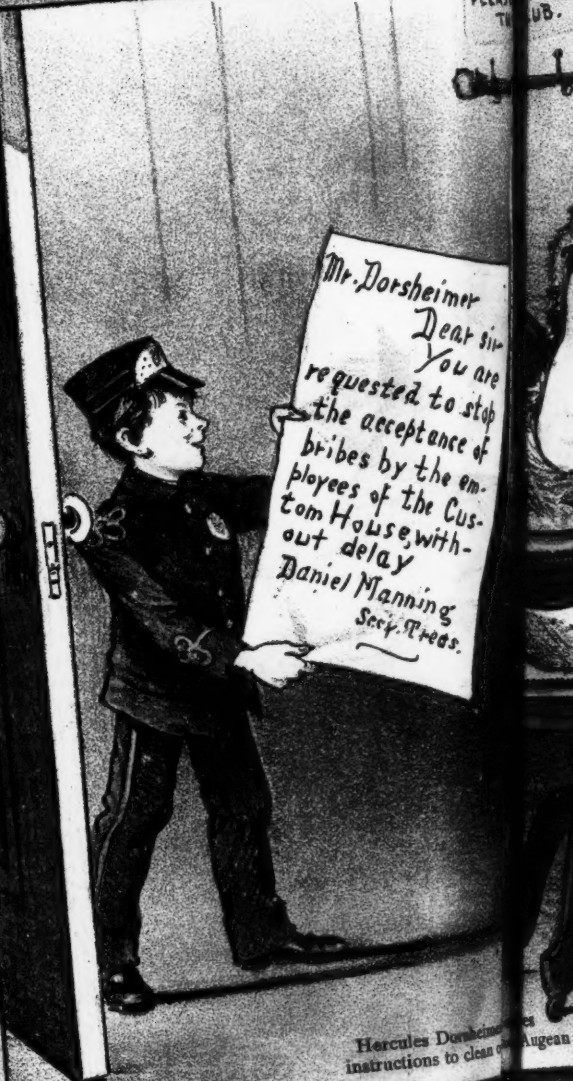
CHORUS.—"Hurry up and examine my baggage, please!"



CLERGYMAN.—"Search the Scriptures, my brother, search the Scriptures."



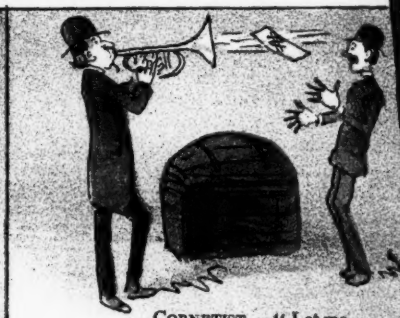
MODISTE.—"Please button my glove before you begin to search my trunk."



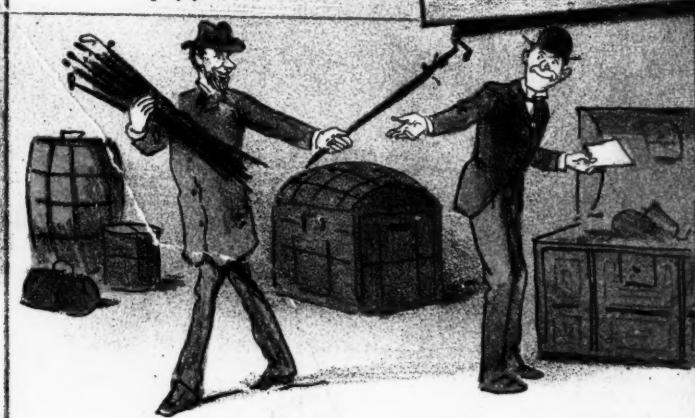
Hercules Dorsheimer's instructions to clean Augean



PROTECTIONIST CONGRESSMAN.—"I solemnly swear that my baggage contains nothing dutiable—here, catch on to this."



CORNETIST.—"Let me play you a little solo."



"Only a few silk umbrellas for my friends—take one!"



TRAGEDIAN.—"This is a five-dollar take it, a"



MAGICIAN.—"Presto! Just pull that five-dollar bill out of your ear."

"So hellup me Moses, dose diamonds is all for my wife!"



DOCTOR.—"My friend, you don't seem well. Just apply this plaster—it will relieve you."



STEAMSHIP CARD-SHARP.—"Before you examine my trunk, just sit down and play a game with me."



RETURNING TOURIST.—"I brought these cigars over to present to my grandmother—have a box."



A Custom-House Inspector returning home after a hard day's work—from a sketch by our special artist.

BROOKLYN—THE CITY OF THE SLEEPERS.

Brooklyn is a very large and straggling village which has gradually grown up around Greenwood, the Necropolis where all good New Yorkers hope ultimately to lie, after they have seen Paris. There is little difference, except in degree, between the dwellers in Brooklyn and those in Greenwood. The latter are entirely dead, the former only half alive. It is sometimes even a matter for discussion at the Long Island Historical Society, whether Greenwood gave rise to Brooklyn, or Brooklyn to Greenwood.

The advocates of Greenwood as the first cause claim that all the dull, unhappy and dyspeptic people were attracted to make their homes near a spot where they could meditate upon the tomb in gentle misery undisturbed by any of the enjoyments of life. They also urge that the aristocracy of Brooklyn proudly trace back their ancestry to the first monument-makers and mound-builders who squatted at the gates of Greenwood. It is said that one of the most distinguished families boasts for its coat-of-arms a tomb *tombant* across a broken column, and that another which possesses a mansion, surrounded with handsome grounds, has removed its gates, because the unfeeling suggested that the motto of the house should be "Gates Ajar."

They who believe that Brooklyn was the begetter of Greenwood intimate that when New Yorkers were looking for a site for their cemetery they were met by universal opposition; but that on finding out that there was such a place as Brooklyn they were delighted to also discover that no one in it possessed sufficient life or energy to oppose anything. To the few inhabitants there then the hope of seeing a constant procession of funerals offered a prospect of mild excitement and quiet dissipation that was quite alluring. Moreover, the shrewd Long Islander had instant visions of a demand for the grief-assuaging sandwich and the tear-restraining beer, and of the profits to be derived from supplying the same.

To the average New Yorker, Brooklyn is only known as a place that must be passed through to go to Greenwood, and that it is somewhere at the end of the Big Bridge. But he knows not the difference between Brooklyn plain and Brooklyn, E. D., or South, or where Brooklyn merges into Williamsburgh, East New York and Bay Ridge. He has heard vaguely, or perhaps seen on an advertising-board at the Beach, that there is a route between Coney Island and Brooklyn, and

he may, when by the ocean, have had queer, quiet-looking people pointed out to him as Brooklynites. Many poor persons who do business in New York use Brooklyn as a bed-room. But it is to their credit that they go to it as late and come away as early as possible. They also try to hide the fact of the extremity to which they are reduced, by speaking vaguely of their legal residence as "rather down-town, but then very handy to the office."

Of course, no one who can help it stays in Brooklyn during the day. Its inhabitants, in order to earn a living or to have any enjoyment, are compelled to go to New York, and the tide of travel commences to flow to the ferries and the Bridge at a very early hour. It lasts till about ten o'clock, and between that hour and five, when the pilgrims begin to return, the inexperienced traveler might easily mistake Brooklyn for Greenwood. There are some stores, and a pretense of doing business is kept up; but the more enterprising proprietors advertise bargains in the New York journals, and live in the main on the shoppers they can allure across the water.

Brooklyn boasts its inhabitants by the hundreds of thousands, but it vaunts the proud pre-eminence of being the only city in the United States which cannot support a morning paper. The reason given for this is that almost every Brooklynite who possesses enough intelligence to read is in such a hurry to get to New York that he wouldn't pause for a few seconds to buy a paper, while those who are compelled to remain at home are never sufficiently awake to want to know the news before the afternoon. Between one evening and the next morning the end of the world might come, and the Brooklynite wouldn't know it till he got the Brooklyn edition of the New York *World*.

Brooklyn is very pious. Church-going is its chief form of amusement, and in their efforts to secure patronage some of its eccentric ministers strive to rouse their congregations to laughter and applause. It certainly possesses three theatres; but these are not so wicked as they might be, because two are built on ground formerly occupied by churches. There is also a gloomy and church-like edifice, only occasionally used, called the Academy, but dubbed by a

manager who once hired it "The Sarcophagus of Comedy." Here amateur actors are wont to hold their sad, funereal ceremonies.

So far is Brooklyn behind the age that it is still politically under the heels of a "Boss" who reigned there while Tweed dominated New York. It also can plume itself on its very expensive Court-House, though, sad to say, the striking arrangement of its City Hall clock has become so enervated by its surroundings that it can only summon strength enough to strike four times in each twelve hours.

When Brooklyn contributed toward building the Big Bridge, it hoped it was going to attract additional New Yorkers; but it has really only afforded its own people another means of escape. The Bridge has also destroyed one advantage that Brooklyn possessed for married men. In the winter the ferry-boats used sometimes to be unable to cross on account of the ice. Husbands of racy temperament were given to availing themselves of these occasions, and even of inventing them when they did not exist. Many a Brooklyn wife has received such a telegram as this: "Boats unable to get through ice; obliged to stay in New York. Don't worry." But the Bridge has spoiled all this, and there has been an exodus of families whose heads began to find Brooklyn unhealthy, and who have gone to Jersey or Staten Island. JULIAN MAGNUS.

A GOOD REASON WHY.



"I thought the laborers of the new Republic were more intelligent. They are not intelligent. I was a fool to think that this age was any different from any other. Experience has now taught me the same lesson as history."

—Benjamin F. Butler.

A LOUISVILLE PAPER says the Mayor of that city has returned from Chicago wearing a "tall silk hat larger at the top than at the bottom." There must be some mistake about this. If he had really been to Chicago, his hat would be largest where it fitted his head.

A SOUTHERN PAPER complains that baker's bread contains "mashed-potatoes, rice, beans, chalk, pipe-clay, plaster of Paris, sand and chalk." Well, what does it want? A chromo and a winter overcoat?

AN ADVERTISEMENT in an agricultural paper makes us aware of the fact that a dairy thermometer has been invented. It is designed to let you know when to churn, skim, etc. We will not perpetrate a joke on the milkman always being at his pump of duty, but will merely say that we would be happy if some one would only invent a kitchen thermometer that would let the cook know when it is time to put coal on the cellar furnace, to take the hen out of the oven, and to send her own cousin out into the dreary bosom of the night.

THIS is the time of the year for the rural humorist to come on with his string of witticisms headed, "Signs of a Hard Winter." One of the surest signs of a hard winter is to be thrown out of a situation before he has laid in an overcoat.

It is said by an agricultural paper that "coal-ashes are very distasteful to cut-worms." Then the coal-ashes should be saved or worms that are not cut. Every farmer should be kind to the worms.

THE RISE OF THE ARCHÆOLOGIST.

A SHINING NATIVE EXAMPLE.



V.
He skinned Pompeii of nearly all
That he could carry away;
And numerous "Stones of Venice"
he stole,
In the twilight tender and gray.

VI.
To Egypt he went, and truth to
tell—
The historian horrified shrinks—
He climbed up a ladder and ham-
mered off
The tip of the nose of the Sphinx.



I.
It was a most enterprising Yank,
And Jake B. Bluggs was his name,
Who, having amassed a horde of
wealth,
Set out for a whack at fame.

II.
He traveled in Yurrupe, he went to Rome,
And he kissed the Papal toe,
And he snipped off the end of the Papal
robe,
Ere he let the Pontiff go.

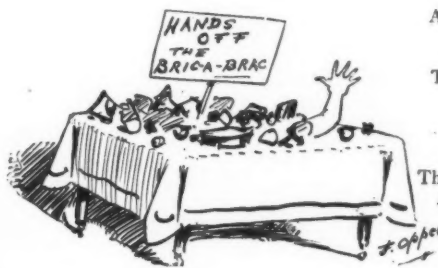
III.
He went to Florence, and there he
sought
The marvelous galleriee,
Where with the "statuos" of olden
time
He made exceedingly free.

IV.
He chipped a piece off Apollo's arm,
And a piece off Mercury's calf,
And he left of the figure of Jupiter
A little bit more than half.



VII.
And when he returned to his native
land,
And spread his collection out,
They thought him an antiquarian
great
Beyond all manner of doubt.

VIII.
They called him an archæologist, too,
And he had the desire of his heart,
When they proudly elected him
life trustee
Of the M—— Museum of Art.



A HORRIBLE CONFESSION.

One of the most shocking death-bed confessions of this century is that of Mr. John Volney Smith, who died last week in New Jersey, aged ninety-three years. As the end drew near, the dying man was asked by his physician if he had anything to say why another dose of calomel should not be administered.

The sinking patient's lips moved, and these words, feebly uttered, were caught by the physician: "Confession—desk." Then he ceased to breathe. The following frightful and abhorrent story, in Mr. Smith's own hand-writing, was found in his desk:

CONFESSION OF MR. SMITH.

To whom it may concern:

This is my last communication to my friends before leaving the scenes of earth. "Scenes of earth" is not an original phrase, but I am hourly losing my grip on the English language, and dare not trust myself to frame anything fresh. However, this is not intended for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith; so it will make little difference.

I find, by reference to an old diary, that the first cat-boat ever launched made its appearance mysteriously on the morning of June 23rd, 1826, on the North River, in the vicinity of Hoboken. It was seen at daybreak by sailors and the inhabitants along the shore. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. Nobody but myself knew where it came from. I had secretly built it by night, and had put it into the water under cover of the darkness. Not even my wife knew—and I thank heaven that she is now dead and can never know—that I was guilty of that crime.

She knew that I had been a pirate, and, being a lady of refined sensibilities, she had deeply deprecated that pursuit, because it injured her standing in society. Many of the first families in New York and Brooklyn did not return her calls. She was cruelly insulted at a cranberry-pie social on Twenty-third Street by an aristocratic person who asked her if she expected that I would be hung at sea or brought to New York alive if they caught me. My poor wife felt this cut keenly, but braced up enough to reply that she hoped if I was brought ashore I wouldn't be put in the same cell with some low-lived stock-gambling thief. (The aristocratic person's husband was a Wall Street operator.) My wife was so annoyed by this occurrence that I quit the business.

I do not know why I built that cat-boat. I

tried to resist the demoniacal impulse that pursued me day and night. I could not sleep nor eat. I became thin and cadaverous, my eyes were bloodshot; I could not look any human being in the face, nor find courage to reply when spoken to. Meanwhile I was busy every night designing and constructing the deadly cat-boat, leaving off work at the first streak of dawn and spending the day in bed, though seldom asleep. Sometimes I dozed and dreamed, and in every dream I saw that cat-boat, bottom up, with women and children clinging to her or being swept away by the pitiless waves. (I think "pitiless waves" is very good, considering that I am so feeble.) I cannot describe the anguish that I suffered, yet I could not withhold my hand from that hellish work.

The boat was nineteen feet long, six feet two inches extreme beam, and two feet deep. She was provided with one hundred and forty-six yards of canvas, all in a single sail. I called her a cat-boat because I anticipated that she would capsize with the extraordinary suddenness that distinguishes the movements of a cat. This anticipation was not disappointed. Before she had been in the water two hours she was in demand. Everybody who saw her wanted to sail in her. I didn't go aboard of her at all; but she made four short runs that day, and drowned five college-students, a minister and his wife and his two little boys, and a Sunday-school teacher with his entire class, numbering seventeen. The appalling mortality which attended the voyages of this boat created a demand for others of its kind, and I built and sold several. The next year dozens of cat-boats were built in New York, and it was not long before they were to be found in great numbers on all waters.

I now affirm, in the solemnity of this hour, that I did not invent the cat-boat for the purpose of making money, nor from a wanton wish to sport with precious human life. If I could know that the world will believe me to have been insane, I could die happy. My pen falters. Good-by.

JOHN VOLNEY SMITH.

There is every reason to believe that the confession is mainly true. It contains a few discrepancies and inconsistencies, but not enough to stamp it as false. It seems a little strange that a man who had followed the sea as a pirate should use the phrase "pitiless waves," and then brag about it in parenthesis. Then he informs us at the close that his pen falters. Considering that the whole confession is written with a type-writer, this has a bad look. Upon the whole, however, the statements of this self-confessed inventor of the cat-boat must be accepted as true. It is a tale of villainy unparalleled.

H. S. TOMER.

LOVE AND THE GOAT.

Young Tracy Turnover could never make up his mind what old Brewster Baldhead was so frightfully down on him for, and he was particularly aggrieved considering that that gentleman's daughter was, as Tracy firmly believed, the only girl he could ever love.

Tracy was a fine-looking fellow; he had a good situation and fair prospects in life, and his affection was heartily reciprocated upon the part of the young lady; but old Baldhead was an insurmountable obstacle to their marriage. He was openly hostile to Tracy, called him a dude in the parlor, and when the young man ventured to stay one evening until after ten o'clock, old Baldhead came down in a night-cap and dressing-gown, and sarcastically invited him to stay to breakfast.

Then, upon another occasion, when the young lady had promised to go to the opera with him, Tracy called at the paternal mansion at eight o'clock in all the glory of evening raiment, with a gorgeous equipage in the street, and old Baldhead met him at the door and said that he didn't want his daughter to be running to operas with young fools who had more shirt-bosom than brains, and then asked him if he had a license for his collar. To add insult to injury, as Tracy was sadly descending the front steps, the old gentleman rudely yelled "Hi, hi!" so loudly as to attract the attention of every one in the street; and when Tracy looked around, old Baldhead shouted to him that something was sticking on the back of his coat, and everybody in the vicinity saw that the old gentleman referred to the tails of Tracy's evening coat, which were visible below his top-coat.

The unfortunate youth was overcome with confusion at the mirth of the populace, the young lady tearfully informed her father that he was a horrid old thing, and that she would never speak to him again as long as she lived, and old Baldhead laughed himself almost into an apopleptic fit.

But Tracy's affection was constant, and in spite of old Baldhead's increasing rudeness he continued to pay his addresses to the daughter. If old Baldhead had been a bigger man he would probably have tossed Tracy down the steps as often as he ascended them, but there the young man had the advantage of the old one. Tracy was an athlete, and a tall and powerful youth, while old Baldhead was weak and wizened, and feeble in proportion to the violence of his temper. Things went on, there-

fore, without any change in Tracy's favor for more than a year; but, as he discovered old Baldhead's club-night, he always called upon the daughter that evening, and knew he would be unmolested until eleven o'clock at the very earliest.

Upon one of these evenings Tracy remained until half-past eleven o'clock, and he was just descending the steps in Forty-fifth Street when he heard a clattering noise upon the sidewalk, and detected a large and able-bodied goat of the William sex below him. The goat likewise observed Tracy, and had just paused to size him up, when the sound of an erratic foot-fall was heard down the street in the direction of Madison Avenue, and Tracy saw old Baldhead approaching under the street-lamps. The goat gave a bleat of joyful anticipation and charged upon the old gentleman, who had just time to drop his umbrella and seize the animal by the horns to prevent being knocked over. Tracy, with joy in his heart, saw old Baldhead look hopelessly around, and then brace his feet and attempt to back the goat up. The goat stood firm for a moment, and then tossed old Baldhead against the fence, and ran him up toward his own steps, where Tracy stood waiting a *dénouement*.

The young man all at once was seized with an inspiration. He saw an opportunity to prefer a request of the old gentleman that he had hitherto never dared to think seriously of making. Therefore, when the goat pushed old Baldhead against a tree, and the unfortunate little man, still gripping the animal's horns and breathing like the exhaust of a steam-heater, gazed pathetically, but sheepishly, upon him, Tracy said:

"That's a nice goat. Did you buy him?"

"Take—him—away—for—Heaven's—sake!" gasped Mr. Baldhead, perspiring as if he were in a Turkish bath.

"How beautifully he's marked," said Tracy, admiringly, poking the goat with his walking-stick: "What did you pay for him?"

At this signal the goat began to trot Baldhead rapidly toward Fifth Avenue, and the old gentleman could only look appealingly at the younger one, while he jogged unsteadily backward. Finally the goat got him against a fence, and Tracy walked up to them.

"Where are you going to take the goat to?" he inquired, with affectionate interest: "Why don't you keep him in the house?"

"Young—man," prayed old Baldhead, in a stertorous whisper: "as—you—hope—for—sal—va—tion—get—this—thrice—ac—cursed—beast—a—way—I—beg—you—on—my—knees—Oh—help—for—Heaven's—sake!" he implored, as the beast slammed him once or twice against the tree.

Tracy sat down on the steps of the house they were in front of.

"There's a subject I've been desiring to discuss with you a great while, Mr. Baldhead," he said: "and I'm sure you'll excuse my mentioning it now in the presence of your goat, as I haven't had an opportunity before. Briefly—I love your daughter and she loves me. Will you consent to our union? What! Are you going?"

The latter question was induced by the goat's suddenly running Mr. Baldhead out into the street and whacking him against an ash-barrel. The man and the animal then braced against



each other in the middle of the pavement, and neither stirred. Tracy walked out to them.

LIQUOR AND LANGUOR.



AN IDYLL OF THE PARKS.

—From the German.

"Well," he said, politely: "do you consent, Mr. Baldhead?"

"N—o, con—found—you!" gasped the old gentleman.

"What a fund of animal spirits your goat has! You must be very fond of him," said Tracy, quietly, again poking the animal, which promptly thereupon backed Mr. Baldhead on the sidewalk, slammed him against a lamp-post, and then prepared to run him down the street. As the old gentleman skipped lightly backward toward Madison Avenue, Tracy said:

"Good-night, Mr. Baldhead!"

"Here! Here!" wailed the unfortunate man: "Stop—I—con—sent!"

"To what?" Tracy inquired, calmly.

"To—your—mar—riage—to—my—daughter," spasmodically breathed old Baldhead.

Then Tracy took the goat by the horns and lifted the beast over the fence, where it was arrested by a policeman the next morning. Tracy set a day for the wedding at once, and now the cards are out, and the sword of Damocles that hangs over the now humble Baldhead is the word "goat."

F. MARSHALL WHITE.

BEGGAR.—"Gimme a quarter."

Actor.—"Haven't got any money."

Beggar.—"Gimme some of your cast-off clothes."

Actor.—"I wear 'em myself."

Beggar.—"Haven't you got a cigar for me?"

Actor.—"No cigar."

Beggar.—"No chewing-tobacco, neither?"

Actor.—"No chewing-tobacco."

Beggar.—"Then, Heavens! gimme your autograph."—*Texas Siftings*.

"ALEXANDER," said the school-mistress to a nine-year-old pupil, whose trousers were not complete at the knees: "please form a sentence with the word 'toward' in it, and write the sentence on the board."

Alexander went to the board, and after much tribulation within him, printed a string of letters that looked like a lot of half-feathered young roosters running after a piece of dough. The sentence read:

"I toward my pants."—*Boston Beacon*.

WHEN Canon Farrar lectured at Buffalo on Dante, the audience went home wondering what in blazes Dan T.'s last name was.—*Philadelphia News*.

A HARTFORD reporter has just unearthed a great crime. It is supposed he was out of meat, and was digging for a ground-hog.—*Philadelphia News*.

RAILROAD discrimination is given as one of the causes of the decadence of St. Louis. The truth is, however, that St. Louis is too close to Alton ever to amount to much.—*Chicago Paper*.

THE "ribald and venal press," which intimated that Mr. Barnum consented to Jumbo's death, has been rebuked by a fifty-thousand-dollar libel-suit. We hope he will sternly repress any further unseemly jesting with such a grave subject, and that the thousands of children who never saw the biggest elephant in the world will be permitted to commune in sacred silence with their grief.—*Philadelphia News*.

ACCOMMODATION.

ANY WELL RATED BUSINESS HOUSE IN CITY OR COUNTRY, who may be desirous of obtaining accommodation on their paper, or on merchandise, can secure same by addressing Absolutely Confidential, Box 2,517, New York. References exchanged. 261

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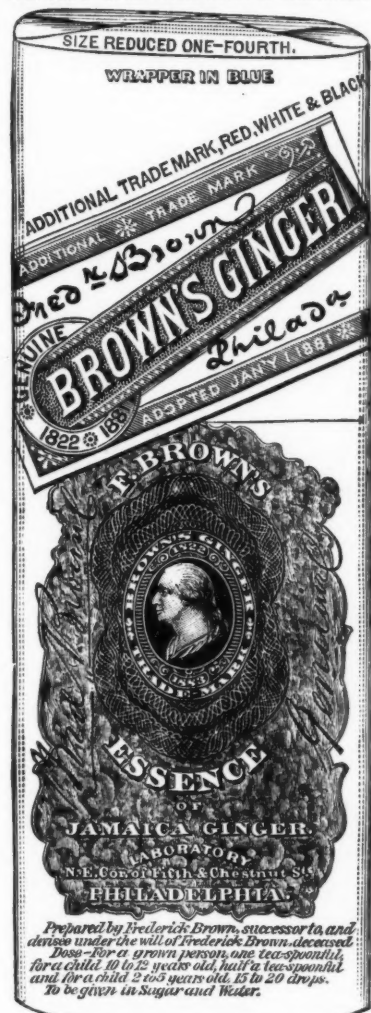
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Below is a fac-simile of the Bottle of
**The Genuine
Fred. Brown's
GINGER,**

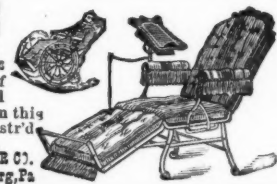
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Rolling and
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50 changes of
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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.
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115 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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13th and 14th pages of Puck must be handed in on
Wednesday before 3 P. M.
Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

IF I WERE YOU.

"Why did he look so grave?" she asked:
"What might the trouble be?"
"My little maid," he, sighing, said:
"Suppose that you were me,
And you a mighty secret owned,
Pray tell me what you 'd do?"
"I think I 'd tell it somebody,"
Said she: "if I were you."

And still he sighed and looked askance,
Despite her sympathy.
"Oh, tell me, little maid," he said
Again: "if you were me,
And if you loved a pretty lass,
Oh, then what would you do?"
"I think I 'd go and tell her so,"
Said she: "if I were you."

"My little maid, 'tis you," he said:
"Alone are dear to me."
Ah, then she turned away her head,
And ne'er a word said she.
But what he whispered in her ear,
And what she answered, too—
Oh, no, I cannot tell you this;
I 'd guess, if I were you!

—Chambers's Journal.

A NEW guide-book mentions that "the city
proper is surrounded by the suburbs." Guide-
books occasionally stumble on a great truth,
but we must insist on having the news broken
gently. A sudden shock like this may be dan-
gerous.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

WITH one dimpled hand on her leaf-lard and
the other on her base-ball club, Chicago draws
herself up to her full majestic height, and, in
the language of Cornelia, proudly exclaims:
"These are my jewels."—*Chicago News.*

SOMEBODY remarks that the older he grows,
the more Senator Hoar looks like the lamented
Horace Greeley. And the somebody might
have added, the less he acts like him.—*Boston
Post.*

Oh! ye who teach the ingenious youth of our great and growing
nation, let them learn the noble art of self-defense, as Salvation
Oil is the specific for hurts

Angostura Bitters do not only distinguish themselves by
their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used,
but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating
from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your
grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr.
J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

**THE RECENTLY IMPROVED
REMINGTON**



Standard Type-Writer No. 2

Is the Highest Achievement in Writing Machines
in the World.

With only 30 keys to learn and operate, it prints 76 characters,
including caps and small letters, punctuations, figures, signs and
fractions. It is the simplest and most rapid writing-machine
made, as well as the most durable.

The following from the Standard Oil Company is one of many
testimonials:

"STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK, }
44 Broadway, New York, January 28th, 1885. }
Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict—Gentlemen:
We have used the Remington Standard Type-Writer with great
satisfaction for several years, and are now more than ever pleased
with the improved No. 2 machine.
We consider the Type-Writer indispensable in our business.
Yours truly,
J. F. FREEMAN, Treas."

Send for illustrated pamphlet.
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
339 Broadway, New York.

Pickings from Puck.

(FIRST CROP.)

16th EDITION. Price 25 Cents.

For Sale by all Newsdealers.

Mailed to any part of U. S. or Canada on receipt of price.

A New Edition of "Second Crop" will be
ready within a few days.

**THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS**

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:
149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA



**GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.**

Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economi-
cal, costing less than one cent a
cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, easily digested, and
admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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Simple and prac-
tical. **USED by**
Over 100 Leading Firms in Chicago. Easily learned
without assistance, by the use of our large 240 page instruction
book, complete with forms for practice and full explanation,
only \$1. Lessons by mail. Seven Account System Business
College, Chicago.

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STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE.

All the Novelties. Latest Designs. Newest Colorings.

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Imported Diagonal Suits from	\$25.00
Business Suits	20.00
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Samples and Self-measurement Rules Mailed on Application

IF YOU ARE MARRIED or contemplating tak-
ing this important step
we can send you valuable information which you ought to know. Send
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OGILVIE & CO., 131 Rose Street, New York.

WORK FOR ALL! \$5 to \$8 per day easily
made. Costly outfit FREE. Address:
258] P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Inherited, Scrofulous, and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

ECZEMA!

My wife has been sorely afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail. She was also afflicted with a periodical nervous headache, sometimes followed by an intermittent fever, so that her life became a burden to her. Finally I determined to try S. S. S. She commenced seven weeks ago. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared, and sore spots dried up and turned white and scaly, and finally she brushed them off in an impalpable white powder resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle; every appearance of the disease is gone, and her flesh is soft and white as a child's. Her headaches have disappeared and she enjoys the only good health she has known in 40 years. No wonder she deems every bottle of S. S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold. JOHN F. BRADLEY, 44 Griswold St. Detroit, Mich., May 16, 1885.

For sale by all druggists.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
N. Y., 157 W. 23d St. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.
KNIGHT'S NEW BOOK SENT FREE.
Address, L. A. KNIGHT,
15 East Third Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
Mention this Paper.



State if you wish
this book in Eng-
lish or German.

WORTH SENDING FOR

Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on
DISEASES OF THE LUNGS
and HOW THEY CAN BE CURED,
which he offers to send FREE, post-paid, to all ap-
plicants. It contains valuable information for all who
suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any
disease of the throat or lungs. Mention this paper.
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A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also,
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Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.



\$3 Printing Press Do Your
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Printing!
Card & Label Press \$3. Larger sizes \$5 to \$75. For
old or young. Everything easy, printed directions.
Send a stamp for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards,
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OPIUM

HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to
30 days. Sanitarium treatment,
or medicines by express, 15
years established. Book free.
Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

What is this mother?

A fair, my child,
Though some of its judges unfair are styled.
It's a place where apples are far from sweet,
And pumpkins and squashes too big to eat,
Where quilts that are crazy hang in a row,
And where people themselves are quite a show;
Where people flock to the racing-course,
And bet their cash on some running-horse;
Where folk in fruits will interest lack,
To gaze with awe on the bicycle track;
Where oxen large and sheep so light
To "Punch and Judy" can't hold a light;
Where farmers listen to many a speech
From those who don't know a pear from a peach.
A dollar prize for the best of cake,
A greenback large for the roller-skate.

—Chicago Sun.

"WHAT does the word 'fact' indicate when put at the conclusion of a humorous paragraph?" did you ask, Claribel. Well, my dear, innocent girl, it means that there is nothing laughable to be found in the item, and that the editor feels safer in struggling to lay the responsibility of its conception on some one else. —Yonkers Gazette.

IT is not surprising that there should be war and rumors of war in Turkey. It is said the Sultan has taken to composing music in imitation of Wagner's style. The line must be drawn somewhere, and it will be queer if it isn't drawn around the Sultan's neck. —Norristown Herald.

REPORTERS of Canon Farrar say that some of his sentences are three hundred words long. If that is true, we are afraid that he will carry back to England the Everts cup of oratory. —Burlington Free Press.

THE Democratic voters of New York are asking, "Who is Jones?" What lamentable ignorance! Next thing we know they will be propounding the conundrum, "Who is Smith?" —Norristown Herald.

BREACH-OF-PROMISE suits are unknown in Kansas. The girls out there do nothing on credit. They do not consider themselves engaged until they are married. —N. O. Picayune.

THE new special fast delivery inaugurated by Vilas will not be picked up by the average pitcher in time for this season's games. —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

BASE-BALL is older than we thought, as a squint at history has made apparent. The Emperor Domitian occupied his leisure in catching flies. —Chicago Ledger.

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH.



Beauty and Fragrance

Are communicated to the mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

BAUS PIANOS

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PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.

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BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.,



THE MOST
Extensive Manufacturers of Billiard Tables in the World.
BAR, SALOON and OFFICE FIXTURES,
BEER COOLERS, etc., etc.
NEW AND ARTISTIC DESIGNS.
READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.
OFFICE AND FACTORY:
FOOT OF 8th STREET, EAST RIVER.
SALESROOM: 259
Broadway, Cor. 17th St., Union Square, New York.

PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly celebrated

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.



KING TOILET PACKAGE!

When one sheet is used another presents itself. Most economical and convenient package made. For sale by Druggists and Paper Dealers. Samples sent express paid for \$1.00 as follows: New England and Middle States 5 packages with one holder. Other States 4 packages and one holder. Each package guaranteed 500 sheets.

MORGAN ENVELOPE CO., Springfield, Mass. 253

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1873.

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Bowery, Cor. Spring St.

Through our own importation we are enabled to give the greatest benefit sale ever put in the market, embracing the choicest novelties adapted for fine dress and business wear. What we most especially wish to call attention to this week is a large invoice of Clays, Scholars, Martins and Jagache Diagonals and Corkscrews. Suits to order, \$20.00; Coat and Vest, \$15 00; Prince Alberts, \$3.00 extra.

These celebrated makers have reached the acme of success in the production of the finest fabrics known to the woolen trade, and have merited a world-wide reputation. The same goods are selling as high as \$75.00 a suit elsewhere.

If not convenient to call and examine these goods, please send for samples.

We give a written guarantee to keep all our garments in repair for one year, free of charge.

ARNHEIM'S MAMMOTH

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

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Arnold,
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Are now exhibiting Elegant Paris Novelties for Retail Sales in Brocade Silks, Satins, Plushes and Velvets; Velvet and Oriental Striped Silk Fronts and Sashes to match. Also Black and Colored Faille Français, Satin Duchesse Gros Grains, etc.

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ANGLO-SWISS MILK.

MILKMAID BRAND.

Economical and convenient for all kitchen purposes. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

CANDY

Address

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
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— 55 West 23d Street. Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

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Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two or three doses of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 S. E. Mark's Place, New York.

LIFE.

Henrietta's gone to Vassar, gum, gum, gum!
Louise is at the singing-school, hum, hum, hum!
Tom is in the melon-patch, mum, mum, mum!
Bill is in the bar-room, rum, rum, rum!
Father's at the counting-room, sum, sum, sum!
Kate and Ned are all alone, yum, yum, yum!

—Chicago Sun.

SHADRACH NUGENT, colored, of Maryland, claims to have been born in 1760, and says he remembers Braddock's war with the Indians. As Braddock was killed in 1755, five years before Shadrach alleges he was born, there is a suspicion that his front name should have been Ananias. Shadrach doesn't fit him like a cuticle on a bologna-sausage.—Norristown Herald.

THE "Hominy Man," one of the features of the streets of Philadelphia, is dead. Soon there will be left none of the old-time curiosities of our highways, save here and there a street-sweeper who is too decrepit to quit work, or the wind-swept remains of a dirt-pile which breathes the spirit of '76.—Philadelphia News.

"WHY, my dear fellow, your baby is just the image of you!" enthusiastically exclaimed the friend of a newly-made father.

"You're very kind to say so, but if you mean to insinuate that I look like that dough-faced lump of humanity, I'll knock your head off!" —New York Morning Journal.

WE never could make out why Burlington girls were so interested in the reports of yacht-races, until we happened to catch one, the other day, with her finger on this passage: "In making the turn the Mattie hugged the buoy close and so secured the lead."—Burlington Free Press.

THE present favorite amusement of King Humbert of Italy is mushroom-hunting, while that of the King of Bavaria is playing the violin. We should prefer to live next door to King Humbert, by a handsome majority.—Norristown Herald.

THE latest French cannon shoots eight miles and knocks down a wall two feet thick. The walls must be moved back or built six inches thicker.—Detroit Free Press.

IT is claimed that the Boston census was taken while Simmons was in New York visiting Squire. It must be taken over again.—Boston Post.

OUR naval officers are committing suicide. They should be given something to occupy their minds.—N. O. Picayune.

FASHIONS are like dreams—

They're born and pass away;
But when the corset came, it seems,
It came to stay. —Boston Courier.

A BILLIARD-BALL gets off its baize when it jumps the table and tries the floor for a run.—N. O. Picayune.

GOOD TIME ON THE WEST SHORE.

Passenger and freight trains on the West Shore Railway have of late been making regular schedule time which compares favorably with the time made on any competing road. The lowest rates can still be secured at offices of West Shore R. R. way to points in New York State, New England, Canada, Michigan and the West or South-West. The West Shore is the only line over which Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars are run to New York, Boston, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis. 286

Pickings from Puck.

(FIRST CROP.)

16th EDITION.

Price 25 Cents.

For Sale by all Newsdealers.

Mailed to any part of U. S. or Canada on receipt of price.

A New Edition of "Second Crop" will be ready within a few days.



STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

More Money Needed.

The Committee in charge of the construction of the pedestal and the erection of the Statue, in order to raise funds for its completion, have prepared, from model furnished by the artist, a perfect fac-simile Miniature Statuette, which they are delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at the following prices:

No. 1 Statuette, six inches in height,—the Statue bronzed; Pedestal, nickel-silvered,—at One Dollar each, delivered.

No. 2 Statuette, in same metal, twelve inches high, beautifully bronzed and nickel-plated, at Five Dollars each, delivered.

No. 3 Statuette, twelve inches high, finely chased, Statue bronzed, Pedestal, heavily silver-plated, with fluted stand, at Ten Dollars each, delivered.

Much time and money have been spent in perfecting the Statuettes, and they are much improved over the first sent out. The Committee have received from subscribers many letters of commendation.

The New York World Fund of \$100,000 completes the Pedestal, but it is estimated that \$40,000 is yet needed to pay for the iron fastenings and the erection of the Statue.

Liberal subscriptions for the Miniature Statuettes will produce the desired amount.

Address, with remittance,

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary, 282
American Committee of the Statue of Liberty,
33 Mercer Street, New York.



THE PEERLESS VINEYARD ROLLER SKATE.

Adjustable Action. Lever Clamp Fastening. Revolving Axles. Handsome, Noiseless and Easy Running. The best Skate ever made for private use. Suited to the beginner or expert. Sent by express on receipt of price, \$6.00. Send for Catalogue of Roller Skates, etc. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., 257 Andrews Building, Chicago. 239 Broadway, N. Y.

YOUNG MEN.

ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP
IN THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK.
(23RD STREET, CORNER OF 4TH AVENUE.)

SEASON OF 1885 AND 1886.

EVENING CLASSES (BEGIN OCTOBER 1).

ARITHMETIC.

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FREE-HAND DRAWING.

(CLASS LIMITED TO 20).

GERMAN.

FRENCH.

SPANISH.

VOCAL MUSIC.

GYMNASIUM

open day and evening (classes 3 evenings per week).

ENTERTAINMENTS (FOR 12 MONTHS):

POPULAR LECTURES (five).

MEDICAL TALKS (five).

READINGS (five).

LIBRARY (20,000 vols.).

READING ROOM (500 papers and magazines).

ORCHESTRA (weekly).

MALE CHORUS (weekly).

LITERARY SOCIETY (weekly).

LITERARY SOCIETY FOR BOYS (weekly).

BOWLING ALLEYS.

BAIHS.

Members are admitted free, accompanied by a lady, to the entertainments and popular lectures.

Any young man of good character can become a member on the recommendation of employer or parent and the payment of \$5.

A full annual ticket, costing \$5, admits the holder to all the privileges named above. An additional charge of \$2.50 is made for dressing-box if gymnasium is used; \$7.50 in all.

Boys under sixteen are not admitted to gymnasium in the EVENING. They can procure for \$12.50 tickets to gymnasium only, day admission. 274

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

Reduced to Seventy-five Cents.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. By mail to any part of the United States, \$1.00. To Canada, by express, \$1.25.

KRIFLER & SCHWARZMANN,
21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.



"HARMONY."

Puck.—"Keep cool, Whiteclaw—where would you be if the Mugwumps didn't help you?"